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Something about Beethoven's Last Days.

BY DR. FERDINAND HILLER. *

Though I am no Nestor, yet there are probably few persons living who have had, as I have, the happiness of seeing and speaking to the greatest artist of the present century. When I was a somewhat precocious youth, like most musicians, I was fortunate enough, during the years 1825-27, to be under the instruction of that excellent man, Hummel, at Weimar, and had the privilege of accompanying him on a professional trip, which he made, in the year 1827, by way of Leipsic and Dresden, to Vienna. It was a cold winter, with heavy falls of snow, and we had to suffer much discomfort upon the road. But I still remember with delight our journey from Dresden to Prague. We travelled in broad daylight by sledge, and a pleasing feeling of youthful joyousness comes over me, when I recall to mind how, by the side of my beloved master, I drove through the white mountains of Bohemia, as they gleamed in the rays of the cold sun. On Tuesday, the 6th March, 1827, we arrived, fatigued and jolted to bits, in the Imperial city. No later than the 8th, we paid Beethoven a visit.

Though, at that period, people heard altogether less of the greatest man than they now hear every week of the smallest, intelligence of Beethoven's illness had reached us at Weimar. He was suffering from dropsy. We heard from the artists whom Hummel visited in Vienna the worst accounts of him. His condition, according to some, was hopeless; according to others, inexplicably sad. We were told of total inability to hear; and of continually increasing suspicion of everybody; to which were now added bodily suffering—unsuccessful operations—dejection and solitude; nay, more, an exterior that almost inspired terror. With this preparation, we drove out to the suburb. Traversing a spacious antichamber, in which high presses sustained thick heaps of music tied up together, we reached (how my heart beat!) Beethoven's sitting-room, and were not slightly astonished to find the master, to all appearance, quite comfortable, seated at the window. He wore a long grey dressing-gown, at that moment completely open, and high boots reaching to the knees. Reduced by his sad illness, he seemed to me, as he stood up, of tall stature; he was not shaved, and his thick, half grey hair fell in disorder about his temples. His features assumed a most friendly and bright expression, when he perceived Hummel, and he appeared extremely delighted. The two embraced each other in the most cordial manner. Hummel introduced me. Beethoven was thoroughly kind, and I enjoyed the privilege of seating myself opposite him at the window.

We all know that conversation was maintained with Beethoven partly in writing; he spoke, but those to whom he spoke had to write down their questions and answers. For this purpose, thick packets of ordinary quarto-sized writing paper, with a lead pencil, were always lying close to him. How painful it must have been for a vivacious and even rather impatient man, like him, to be obliged to wait for every answer, and endure at every instant of the conversation a pause, during which his thinking powers, also, were, so to speak, condemned to inactivity! He followed with an eager eye the hand of the writer, and seized at a glance, rather than read, what was written. The conversation suffered, of course, very materially, in animation, from the necessity there was for visitors to write everything down.

I can scarcely blame myself, however much I may regret the fact, for not having at the time written out more at length than I did all that

Beethoven said; nay, I ought, on the contrary, to feel delighted that, though only a boy of fifteen, and in a large city for the first time in my life, I retained sufficient composure to note down anything at all. For the most complete exactitude of everything I am in a position to narrate, I can conscientiously answer.

The conversation turned, at first, as usual, on things at home; on our journey and stay; on my position towards Hummel, and so on. Beethoven inquired with extraordinary interest after the state of Goethe's health, of which we were able to give him the very best account. A few days previously the great poet had written some friendly verses, referring to our journey, in my album. Poor Beethoven complained very much of his health. "I have been laid up now these four months," he exclaimed. "One's patience is at last exhausted." A great deal in Vienna did not seem to agree with his way of thinking, and he spoke in an exceedingly sharp manner on "the present taste in art," and on "the dilettanteism here, which spoils everything." Nor was the government, even in its very highest branches, spared. "Write a bookful of penitential hymns, and dedicate them to the Empress," he said, laughing discontentedly to Hummel, who, however, did not take advantage of the well-meant advice.

Hummel, who was a practical man, profited by Beethoven's momentary favorable state to make a communication requiring some time. Literary piracy then flourished luxuriantly in Germany. In the case of one of my master's Concertos (I think it was the Concerto in C major), it came to pass that the piece, of which a copy had been surreptitiously obtained from the printing-office of the legitimate publisher, had been engraved not simply after but before* the legal copies—in a word, they published it sooner than its owner had been in a position to do. Hummel wanted to petition the high *Bundestag*, so that a stop might be put to these disgraceful proceedings, and Beethoven's signature struck him as of the utmost importance. He sat down to explain the matter in writing, and, in the mean time, I had the honor of being allowed to continue the conversation with Beethoven. I did my best, and the master gave further utterance, in the most confidential manner, to his sadly-passionate feelings. His observations referred mostly to his nephew, of whom he was very fond, who had caused him great anxiety, and, at that time, had got involved in difficulties with the authorities about some trumpery matters—for so, at least, Beethoven, appeared to regard them. "Small thieves are hanged, but the big ones are allowed to go free," he exclaimed pettishly. Enquiring about my studies, he said, to encourage me: "We must always propagate" (fortplanzen) "art," and, on my speaking of the exclusive interest then excited in Vienna by Italian opera, he burst out with the remarkable words: "They say: *vox populi vox Dei*—I never thought so."

On the 13th of March, Hummel took me for the second time with him to see Beethoven. The master was in bed, apparently in great pain, and sometimes groaning deeply; despite of this, however, he talked a great deal, and in a very animated manner. He seemed to take very much to heart the fact of his not being married. On our first visit, he had joked on the subject with Hummel, whose wife he had known as a young and handsome girl. "You," he said laughingly on this occasion to Hummel, "you are lucky; you have a wife who takes care of you, and who

is in love with you—but I, poor wretch!"—he added, sighing deeply. He begged Hummel, moreover, to bring his wife, who had not been able to make up her mind to come and see the man whom she had known in all his vigor, now that he was in such a state. Some one had shown him, a short time previously, a picture of the house where Haydn was born—he had it near his bed and showed it to us. "It caused me a childish delight," he said—"this cradle of so great a man!" He afterwards made a request to Hummel, regarding Schindler, subsequently so frequently mentioned. "He is a good fellow," he said, "and has taken a great deal of trouble about me. He intends giving a concert shortly, and I promised him my co-operation. But nothing will, probably, come of the promise. I should like you to do me the favor of playing on the occasion. One ought always to help on poor artists." Hummel, of course, consented. The concert took place—ten days after Beethoven's death—in the Josephstädter Theatre. Hummel extemporized in an evidently very inspired style on the Allegretto of the A-major Symphony—the public knew the reason of his appearance; his performance and the way in which it was received formed a most inspiring whole.

Shortly after our second visit, a report was spread about Vienna that the London Philharmonic Society had sent Beethoven a hundred pounds sterling, to help him in his illness. It was added that the surprise had produced such an effect upon the poor great man, that he felt alleviated even bodily. When, on the 20th, we were again standing by his bedside, we gathered, it is true, from what he said, that this mark of attention had gratified him exceedingly, but he was very weak, speaking in a low voice, and in broken sentences. "I shall soon leave, probably, for above," he whispered after our greetings. Such exclamations frequently occurred; between them, however, he spoke of plans and hopes, which were, unfortunately, not destined to be realized. Referring to the noble conduct of the Philharmonic Society, he praised the English, and talked of making a journey to London, as soon as he was better. "I will compose them a grand overture and a grand symphony." Then he said he would pay Mme. Hummel a visit (she had accompanied us), and go and stay at I know not how many places. We never once dreamed of writing down anything for him to read. His eye, which, the last time we had seen him, had been still tolerably animated, was now sunk, and he experienced a difficulty in raising himself from time to time. We could no longer give ourselves up to any delusion—the worst was to be feared.

But wretched indeed was the appearance of the extraordinary man when we again visited him, on the 23rd March—it was destined to be the last time. There he lay, faint and wretched, sometimes giving a low sigh. Not a word now escaped his lips—the sweat stood upon his forehead. It so happened that, on one occasion, he could not find his pocket-handkerchief when he required. Hummel's wife took her tiny bit of delicate cambric, and wiped his face with it several times. Never shall I forget the grateful expression of his sunken eye, as it then looked up to her.

On the 26th March, while we were stopping in the art-loving house of Herr von Liebenberg (formerly a pupil of Hummel's), with a joyous party, we were surprised between five and six o'clock by a violent thunderstorm. There was a thick drizzling fall of snow, accompanied by loud claps of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, which completely illumined the apartment. A few hours later some guests arrived with the in-

* There is a pun in the original, but it cannot be rendered in English. Le veiel, ce calembour, pour ceux de nos lecteurs qui ne comprennent pas l'idiome de Wagner—non! L'Allemand, ce qui est tout autre chose: "nicht allein n a c h, sondern v o r-gestochen wurde."—Translator.

* From the Kölnische Zeitung.

telligence that Ludwig van Beethoven was no more—he had expired at a quarter to six. The peculiar coincidence of the natural phenomenon with the death of so great a man would, assuredly, in heathen times, or in times more devout than the present, not have been looked upon as merely accidental.

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 29th March. The friends invited met at the residence of the Deceased, Schwarz-spanier-Haus, No. 230, on the Glacis, outside the Schottenthor. The procession set out from there at three o'clock and proceeded to the church of the Trinity. Eight *Capellmeister* (marshalls of art, unstained with blood), Eybler, Hummel, Seifried, Kreutzer, Weigl, Gyrowetz, Würfel, and Gänsbacher, held the corners of the pall. The coffin was decked with garlands—but no orders lay upon it—Beethoven had never had one. A great number of musicians carrying tapers surrounded the coffin (I can still see Lablache's immense form among them). The procession was endless; the masses of people moving along were to be counted by thousands—all Vienna seemed to be in the streets. Seifried had fitted a chorus for male voices to something of Beethoven's for trombones—the effect was most touching and impressive. I could not penetrate inside the church, but drove off with Hummel to the Währinger churchyard, that was, as it were, completely studded with human beings. We took up our position at the grave, and their awaited the arrival of the hearse. Up to the last moment it was undecided whether or no Anschütz, the celebrated actor, should deliver an oration written by Grillparzer—but it ended by Anschütz delivering it outside the entrance to the churchyard, so that we lost this portion of the ceremony. After a somewhat considerable interval, the procession approached. The coffin was lowered into the ground—Hummel, profoundly moved, threw some laurel-wreaths upon it—others followed his example. There was, as far as I can remember, neither any further speaking nor singing, but every one appeared to feel deeply the solemnity of the moment, and a sentiment of profound respect and sorrow soured, as it were, through the whole of the immense mass of the people.

There are not probably many now alive who were present at that regal burial in the full consciousness of the grandeur of the man whom the earth covered. But, since then, millions have grown up in whose intellectual life Beethoven occupies a place which no one else and nothing else could fill. It is not till its outer covering has turned to dust that true genius stands out in all its perfection, and that endless love surrounds him who has himself no love more to bestow.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Marx's Characterization of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

BY A. E. KROEGER.

[Continued from page 387.]

To comprehend a work of art like this, one has to know all its divisions and their relations to each other. As we have already seen, the fundamental division of the Ninth Symphony is into two parts, the second to which is Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," with an introduction recapitulating all the chief themes of the First Part. This First Part comprises in itself three movements: an *Allegro*, a *Scherzo*, and an *Adagio*.

Now the most important and distinctive portion of a Symphony (as well as of a Sonata, a Quartet, &c.), as it regards form and internal structure, is the *first movement*,—commonly *Allegro*, or some quick tempo. The key to the whole work must be found there. Therefore, to aid the student in the understanding of the Symphony in question, we append (from Marx) the following analysis, or skeleton, of the usual structure of the first movement of a Symphony, a Sonata, violin Quartet, &c. It is simply the formula to which, with more or less modification, all so called classical Sonata movements will be found to conform.

The divisions are numbered and lettered for easier comparison with the observations of Marx. And in our translation of the latter, the number of the measures has been given for the convenience of those who are able to obtain a piano arrangement of the work, and thus to study it out minutely.

The First Movement of a Sonata, or a Symphony, resolves itself into three divisions, as follows:

I.

- a. Introduction.
- b. Chief Theme in Chief Key.
- c. Transition. (Generally, in Symphonies, &c., modulated into the dominant if the piece is in major, into the small upper third if the piece is in minor.)
- d. Chant. (Generally, in Symphonies, &c., in the Dominant if the piece is in major, in the small upper third if in minor.)
- e. Final Theme. (Generally, in Symphonies, &c., in Dominant or upper third as above.)

II.

Middle Group. Connecting Part I. with Part III.; taking all its themes from Part I., but elaborating them *ad libitum*, in divers keys, &c.

III.

Repetition of Part I. in a varied way and (generally) with an Appendix, giving additional energy or a new variation to the chief theme.

And now it is Marx himself who speaks, and gives us his analysis of the Ninth Symphony.

And so once more, and for his last Symphony, the master called together his army of instruments; once more to show us a world of souled and active beings proceeding from the element of sound; beings that sing the everlasting battle and mourning song, which is called life, and that find the only consolation of life in the command: to love each other, like the little children of Saint John.

FIRST PART: FIRST MOVEMENT.

a. In the undetermined—the Quint—the second violins and the violoncellos, swelled by the low breath of the horns, begin to sound trembling tones, from the pregnant night whereof lightning flashes of a new birth dash down into the depth, (1st to 17th measure). b. In a slow* anxious way there then arises a powerful, sinister form (17th to 22nd measure); a creation rather of the commanding will than of the hearts' emotion. For the will announces itself in the rhythm; and there it fixes this unchangeable sinister D—F—A, telling it to strike *now*, to dash down *now*, to stand and root itself *firmly now*.

This internal formation of the *chief Theme*, so very simple in its conception,—and yet in its development of so irresistible a will-power,—is of the highest significance for the whole composition; and precludes all supposition that the meaning of the Symphony might have a connection with the meaning of Schiller's Ode. The Symphony has solitarily entered the dark path of its course in this solitary, powerful harmony of its instruments. c. The subdominant is now introduced (22nd to 26th measure)—again with the impress of most self-determining will—to fix this chief theme still more permanently, that now, amidst the sound of trumpets and horns, proclaims its existence of woe to the wide world, and then with stubborn defiance plunges back into the night, (34th measure). This defiant stubbornness, which yet cannot keep from twice crying out its woe, this staying on the dubious quart sixth chord, that wrenches itself into the fundamental chord with contemptuous disregard of the mediating dominant, this lawless and loose down-plunging of the violins: all suggests titanic formation and a wizard power.

And is not Beethoven the wizard creator and master in this world of instruments, which now listens to his command for the last time?

Once more, and this time planted more firmly upon the tonic, the depth trembles as at first in the Introduction, and the quickly vanishing sounds of the

* What Marx (or his translator) means by "slow" and "anxious" here, we cannot comprehend.—Ed.

violins and basses dash down in the same way, and grope anxiously and restlessly around amongst second fiddles and violas; and then there again arises that grand tone formation of the chief theme from the darkness of the night; but this time in the more secure and luminous key of B-flat major; soon, however, turning back into the melancholy of D minor. This is accomplished in a very energetic manner by the energetic rhythm as well as by the opposition of the instruments: all the brass instruments being opposed to the string instruments. Then the whole, closely following the theme in sixteenths, gets into a pushing movement, from which there arises an elegiac chant of the first violin, which the viola and basses repeat, the fagott accompanying in octaves, and which in the next measure the flutes, oboes and clarionettes take up in double octaves.

In a quick, decisive transition the dominant of B major is taken hold of and kept, amidst the chanting of the elegiac song, by the fagotts, clarionets and flutes, alternating with that of the same song by the oboes and horns, until the second part of the chant enters (80th measure) which is again an alternate song of clarinet and fagott opposed to flute and oboe, supported by the bass viols. From here the voices,—scarcely for a moment arrested by a couple of energetic beats,—float into B major (108th measure), return to B flat, wait themselves from sixteenths into the double-quick movement of thirty-seconds, and finally elaborate e. the chant into the final theme from the firm germ of the chief theme; but this time it sounds boldly and strongly in B flat major (150th measure); and yet that Elegy to which the instruments have been surrendered until now checks even this bold conclusion in producing any real joyful effect. So also in this conclusion the separation of the instruments is kept up; the violins are in advance; the orchestra follows; and it is not till in the fourth beat (153d measure) that the mighty union-theme is also rhythmically brought to perfect unity. One step from B flat to A and we are again at the beginning, which was the Introduction to I.

But it is here not simply a repetition of that I.; it is now the introduction of II. of the first movement of the Symphony. The A minor chord changes into the sixth chord (F sharp—d—a), which again turns into the chord of the subdominant, G minor, which with its peculiarly soft and plaintive character has not the gloomy effect that the chief key, D minor, had in I. Both modulations occur again in the middle of the measure; and this premature pushing ahead, which we meet so often in the first movement, this stepping upon the secondary instead of the primary rhythm of the measure, is significant of the elegiac character, that rules throughout the whole first movement.

The chief theme now expands itself in G minor (179th to 189th measure). The horns, flutes, clarionets and oboes sound their long note, whilst the second violin and violoncello tremble forth their tremolo; the first violin and the viola meanwhile move in advance, followed first by the fagott, then by the flute, and finally by the oboe and clarinet together, the bass viol intermingling lowly. This chief theme is again (189th measure) followed by the final theme of I., but this time in the woeful chord of C—F sharp—A—E flat, and dragging along a new elegiac chant, taken from the sixteenth-motive of the sombre but energetic chief theme. Both themes interchange again and expand in all directions; the plaintive theme passing from the bass viols to the first violin, second violin, horn and brass instruments. It is absolutely impossible to develop the progress and change (to the 298th measure) of this sad and yet forcible, often tender and then again excited play of tones, that grope around as if they had lost their way. Moreover the decision is at hand.

III.

This decision is nothing else than that same first call and dash of lightning of the Introduction to I., which comes in now as the beginning of III, that is to say as the return of I., just as it also constituted the fundamental motive of II., to which it furnished indeed its chief theme and its final theme. Now the ruling power of this thought is decided! It announces itself (303d to 315th measure) in the highest power of all the violins and violas of the orchestra, and rings out amongst the long-breathed cry of all the wind instruments as well as amongst the incessant knocking of the trumpets and the tremendous trembling of the bass viols (extending through three octaves); immovably holding itself, like a phantom of terror, or the sombre flaming earth-spirit before Faust, who had conjured it up and could not support its view—upon *F sharp—A—D*; until in the twelfth beat (312th measure) it turns into E flat major, and three beats further finally into the chief key, D minor, therein to complete itself in the form of the chief theme. To complete itself? Ah no! The dreary giant-spirit does not yet allow completion. Even that very first chord (*F sharp—A—D*) cannot be well conceived—in the sense of the whole movement of the present moment—as purely a D-major chord; it rather suggests (as if we heard *D—F sharp—A—C*) G minor, the subdominant; which now returns (*D—F—A* changing into *C—D—F sharp—A*) amidst the departing roar of the storm, until after 16 measures a friendly strip of blue sky looks down through the thunder clouds. It was the chant which passed by, quiet but full of comfort, without endeavoring to hide the accents of its melancholy.

Thus the first movement of the Ninth Symphony passes away. We dare not follow the all-powerful and over-rich development into its details; we must not even try to gather together all the connecting signs, that attest our conception of the work. Richer, though gloomier, than any other movement of Beethoven's previous works, does this movement roll along its mighty waves, like the sombre stream of Hades. And where Beethoven generally loved to develop his mightiest, gladdest power—in the appendix—he here completes his dreary giant picture, causing it to arise in its weird power still more formidable than before.

For after the imperative final theme (419th to 426th measure) the modulation stays quiet on the last harmony, takes up the first violin, accompanied far down by the shadow-like fagott, and sounds once more the first theme of the movement; and now for the first time undeniably unfolds the sorrowful heart that beats in this mighty breast (426th to 431st measure) and that can find no end to its grand complaint, the flute intermingling its innocence-breathing tones with phantasy-like freedom. Once more the instruments start, as in I., their mixed chants; once more the theme, made out of a combination of the 3d and 4th measure of the chief theme, is heard; but this time in the far-off resounding, comforting tones of the first horn, to which the second horn forms the dark background (469th measure). Then we hear here in D major, in a natural healthy voice, and in pleasant cheerful tones, what at first in the bass and in G minor sounded gloomily and plaintively, as if it never could rise to cheerfulness. True, here also it soon returns to the gloom of D minor with the sombre piano intonation of the violins and the bass viols; finally the movement leads again to the concluding theme.

But here there arises as the final assurance a new picture, which seems to spring from the region of shadows. Violas, violoncellos, bass viols and fagotts commence very lowly (the first named in a tremolo) a weird movement (513th measure); the second violins and first violins join it gradually and keep up the tremolo, and amidst the agony-cry of the wind-instruments, the deep current with thrilling restlessness

rolls along its gloomy bed, and spreads itself out over all the octaves, and swells from its seclusion into the force of thunder, and gropes around with outstretched arms, and sounds like the cry for help of the alarm-bells.

This life of the instrumental tone beings hides sombre mysteries in its heart. What must have their creator have experienced in his fated life of seclusion, and what must he have hidden in the eternal dumbness of his breast! Having for the riddle of his own internal life nothing but the riddle language of tones,—one mystery for the solution of another one! But he stood unbent, though deeply moved. How powerful and firmly fixed he stood is testified amongst other things by this perfect freedom of the instruments, each of which seems to exist only for itself, whilst he guides them all with firm rein along his road, and by the perfect and clear form given to these thoughts of wonderful depth and wealth. If our modern form-worshippers would but allow themselves to be taught, instead of confusing themselves and those who confide in them, this last and great work would furnish them the safest anchor.

The first movement of every Symphony is decisive as to the thought of the whole work; it is particularly so decisive in the Ninth. And what has it uttered? The endless complaint of everlasting dissatisfaction, which accompanies in his own realm of the world of instruments Him, who filled and invigorated it with his mighty soul! Even though those voices of the instruments charm all nature together, even though they whisper into our ears sweet spirit tones, or sweep down from heaven like the greeting of angels to men: still man always needs, above all, Man; and the voice of man is to man the most dear, most deeply felt, most comprehensible music. This is universal truth; and this truth arose to the consciousness of Beethoven in the world of instruments that he had so mightily peopled.

Then came the time to separate. And if, mayhap, —as we cannot know—a presentiment of his death touched the noble man, it must have helped to awaken that consciousness and united with it. Was not he solitary in the loud world of man as he was solitary in the world of his instruments, and musical visions? And his open, loving, altogether harmless soul so yearned for the dear companionship of man! This sense of brotherhood and love of men,—how it penetrates all his works, his letters, and even shines through his attacks of suspicion, jealousy and injustice!

Thus the external resolve to give to his Symphony a new formation by appending to it a final chorus, became an internal necessity. That which was a general truth and a particular life experience of Beethoven, became now the ruling idea of the Ninth Symphony.

(To be Continued).

Liszt's Description of Wagner's "Tannhauser."

(Continued from page 389.)

Passing over the Abbate's long analysis of the now very familiar Overture, we give what he has said of the opera itself.

The first scene leads us into the mysterious grotto, which, as the tradition tells, was in the Hørselberg. There in a rosy twilight we see nymphs, dryads and bacchantes waving their thyrsus wands and wreaths to the rhythms, which formed the first fifty bars in the Allegro of the Overture. They surround the goddess, luxuriously stretched upon her couch, clad in the Grecian tunic, which flows in rich folds around her form, as if its slight net-work formed a yet rosier vapor than the whole atmosphere around. In the depths of the grotto the tranquil waters of the lake reflect the shadows of the bushes, under which happy couples wander to and fro; there we behold the tempting syrens. At the feet of Dame Venus sits her lover, melancholy and gloomy, listlessly holding his harp in his hand. She asks him the cause of his

sadness. He heaves a deep sigh, as if awaking from a dream that had led him away from the surrounding element. Alarmed, she presses her inquiries. "Freedom!" replies the prisoner at last, and suddenly seizing his harp, he begins a song, in which he makes a vow ever to praise her charms, but adds that he is consumed by a yearning for the upper world:

But from these rose-lit od'rous bowers
I yearn for woods and breath of flowers,
For our own sky's clear blue, serene,
For our fresh meadows' pleasant green,
Our little wood-birds cheerful singing,
Our village bells so friendly ringing:—
From thy soft empire I must flee,
O queen, and goddess! set me free!

This song, full of manly energy, gives us again the melody which we have twice indicated in the overture; its words are in praise of Venus. But this strophe is instantly followed by an antistrophe, which, by painful, half-disturbed modulations, escapes from the breast like a piercing scream; the scream of the caged eagle, that would return to the realm of storms and sunshine; the cry of the soul that would wing its way back to heaven. Thrice are strophe and antistrophe repeated, and every time a half tone higher, which lends thrilling climax to their impassioned intonation.

By a single word, but one of those words which suffice to invest Poetry with the fullest majesty of her sister, Truth, Wagner reveals the greatness of a soul unsatisfied in the lap of sweetest inactivity, when Tannhäuser exclaims:

Mortal remain I yet, and human;
Too great thy love, thou more than woman;
If gods forever can enjoy,
My lot is change, my pleasures cloy;
Not joy alone my heart contains,
In pleasures still I long for pains.

To long for pains! Is not that the longing for the Infinite? For what are pains but the sufferings of the soul chafing against the limits of our nature, which it will never renounce striving to overstep?

The offended enchantress starts up, like a wounded tigress, interrupts her prisoner, snatching the harp from his hand, and summoning up a cloud, which parts them from each other, she mocks at the vain remorse of her delirious slave. She reminds him that he is accursed, that he belongs to her through all the powers of everlasting doom, that he must no more think of a world which would repulse him with horror, should he go back. The proud knight does not believe the imperious dame, and replies: "Repentance will remove the ban!" Their mutual resistance is expressed in a duet, full of impetus, of mutually kindled scorn and hatred, which Venus suddenly breaks off, to have recourse to weapons of blandishment. She lets the songs of the syrens resound, which in the distance seem to grow still more languishing and seductive; and inclining herself towards him, she seems to distil the fatal poison drop by drop into his veins,—that impotence of pleasure which twines about his drooping energies with indissoluble chains. Her somewhat lengthy song takes, a semitone lower, that lovely motive for the clarinet, which occurs in the overture. It is accompanied, too, *pianissimo*, and veiled by the tremolo of the violins. To those who cherish symbolism, this scene may be designated as the description of one of those inward conflicts, which rend the manly breast, during which the soul debates with itself, however divided it may be in its will, unlike in forms, but identical in essence; such would fancy that they heard in it, not different persons, but different expressions of the passions, rebutting one another in a vehement conference, whose fatal or marvellous issue no one could foresee. Tannhäuser forcibly disentiwnes himself from the arms of the goddess, and in feverish excitement exclaims: "My salvation lies in the holy Maria!" Scarcely has he pronounced this name, when the goddess, the nymphs, the syrens and bacchantes vanish. It all melts away.

Instead of the grotto, we see the outside of the mountain, in whose interior all this is located by tradition, and the rural scenery about the Wartburg. In an instant the knight is transported from the depths, where in the intoxicating mists of sweet perfumes the lamps with their colored sheen illumined a night of pleasures without end, into the freshness of a pure Spring morning. To the bewildered tumult of the last scene succeeds total silence of the orchestra, and the soft, dreamy tune of a shepherd, seated on a neighboring rock; the refrain of his reed pipe, happily imitated by the English horn, creates a beneficial contrast. Presently you hear a chorus of pilgrims in the distance; during the pauses the voice of the shepherd, commending himself to their prayers, forms a new contrast; his pastoral melody winds like

a flowering field vine about the stern outlines of the pious hymn, which rises like the arching of a Gothic vault.

The pilgrims approach, appear, and pass before us, and their song, in which the second half of the religious theme of the overture is interwoven, wears a calm and serenely pious character. In this repose there vibrates, however, a certain exaltation and enthusiasm, and you can distinguish in it an enduring ecstasy, a secret uncontainable delight. They stop before an image of the Madonna; Tannhäuser at their chant falls upon his knees. As much overwhelmed by the miracle of mercy, that has rescued him, as he is surprised to see his bold wish so suddenly heard, his deliverance so unexpectedly fulfilled, he repeats the words of the pilgrims:

Ah, heavy weigh my sins on me,
No longer can I bear the trial;
All rest and comfort now I'll flee,
And choose but pain and self-denial.

The bells of the distant churches summon the faithful to morning prayer, and at the same time hunting-horn signals, from different distances (alternating between F major and E flat minor), complete the impression of this hour of rural repose and woodland solitude. Presently the landgrave with his hunting party comes along, and perceiving a knight who takes no part in the chase, he approaches him and recognizes Tannhäuser. We have already said, that Wolfram von Eschenbach, his rival in minstrelsy as in love for the princess Elizabeth, who loves him, has finally persuaded him, in speaking of her, to resume his old rank among the minstrels, whom he has so often vanquished, and who nevertheless have mourned his absence. The *cantilena* of a lovely melodic motive, breathing a tender and inward emotion, is resumed again in his first eight measures and dialogued in the andante of a Sextet, composed of the five singers and the landgrave, who entreat Tannhäuser to return to them. At the name of Elizabeth his face lights up as with a quickening beam, and he exclaims:

Again I know thee, ah! and love thee,
O beautiful world, so long withdrawn!
Again the heavens smile sweet above me,
And flowers are fresh with dewy morn.
The Spring with thousand friendly greetings
Like music in my soul doth stir;
In tender and tumultuous beatings
My heart cries out: To her! to her!

As soon as his voice unites with the others, the Septuor sets into a joyful and rapturous Allegro, whose finale, interrupted by the fanfara of the chase, forms the conclusion of the first act. The different voices are grouped in such a masterly manner, and their parts in this ensemble piece are marked with such select and noble fineness, that there is no mistaking therein the calling of the minstrel, the challenge of noble rivals to a noble contest. This finale takes an irresistible hold upon the public, and universal admiration and applause resound through the hall.

Nothing can be more natural, more chaste and piously tender, than the cheerfulness, the joy, so frank and free from jealous feeling, with which Elizabeth receives her knight, whom Wolfram himself leads to her. With lightsome step, and with the happy smile of first youth, which has not yet lost the demeanor of childhood, she hastens into the hall, where she had heard the songs so deeply buried in her heart, and whose threshold, since the disappearance of her minstrel, she had never crossed. With outspread arms, as if she would spread over all surrounding things the clear light of her happiness, the radiance of her sympathizing and high hearted bliss, she trips in, already dressed for the approaching festival, not doubting that her knight and singer will bear off the victory and win her for the prize. A simple rim of gold, more like a halo than a diadem, encircles her blond head; her long tresses fall under a light veil down over the drapery of white satin, whose embroidery marks the picturesque bodice of the female costume of that epoch. A mantle of blue satin fastened on the shoulders seems, like heaven's azure, to float around this vision of embodied innocence.

If the goddess,—crowning with roses her dark hair, fastened by a Grecian net over her voluptuously curved neck, and crossing the purple ribands of her sandals over her alabaster feet,—exercising all her might, revealing all the charms concealed under her half-closed eyelids, and in her girdle, which now brightly gleams and now vanishes from sight, has presented to the pleasure-drunk minstrel Beauty itself, Beauty absolute and incomparable:—so on the other hand the princess Elizabeth must transport his soul by a lofty and surprising beauty, which descends to him as it were from the empyrean heights, to dis-

pute the other, that came up out of the briny waves to the abode of mortals.

The duet between Tannhäuser and Elizabeth might, for feeling and musical beauty, be compared to that between Achilles and Iphigenia by Gluck. The same enthusiasm in the joy of the present, the same chaste abandon, the same simple and full confession of a deep passion, the same renewal of an always varied and yet always identical theme,—a theme, so full of pure and happy love, that one might believe it an echo of celestial bliss, never to be interrupted or disturbed. . . . It ends with an Allegro, in which the loud jubilee of the joy intoxicated soul breaks out, and which breathes an impassioned ecstasy, that rings like a high hosanna sung to Love.

The minstrel contest, although a little abstract and metaphysical, yet intimately involved in the knot of the drama, is an episode which controls it and whose musical part is treated with a great expenditure of power and thought. It is preceded by a march, during which, with all the ceremonial etiquette of those times, the distinguished guests of the landgrave pass across the stage, to seat themselves according to their rank in seats arranged in semi-circles, the centre being reserved for the minstrels. The high barons appear, their mantles embroidered with their coat of arms. The noble ladies, dressed in the colors of their houses, let their trains be borne by pages. The march has a felicitous rhythm, neither too much accented, nor too characterless. It admirably indicates the composed, proud bearing of these noble gentlemen, for whom it is an equal glory to handle the harp or the sword. This march, in B major, is followed by a second in G, marking the entrance of the minstrels; in a more solemn measure, it has a more earnest, elegant and noble character than the first; this is one of those well thought out details, which make Wagner's compositions so rich and full of study.

When the numerous guests have arranged themselves in their places, and the minstrels have appeared one by one, a deep silence ensues. Wolfram is the first who rises, for Elizabeth has drawn his name from the urn. Like the rest, he bears his harp in his hand; this instrument accompanies all their songs, and plays, not only in this act, but throughout the whole score, a great part, which requires a skilful artist to execute the complicated passages, which are too prominent to admit of being shortened. Wolfram's recitative is executed in a rich style. It is the song of a contemplative soul, shaken by no inward passion, and prompted by no outward spur. As Tannhäuser prepares to answer him, the orchestra resumes the first notes of that voluptuous *motif* in the overture, which also formed the rhythm of the bacchantes' dance, when he, begging of Venus his "Freedom!" still promised to continue to praise her charms. As if this slight band of a promise, which he flung behind him at parting, were enough to draw him down to perdition, the spectator, the moment he is reminded of it, is seized with an instinctive terror, which increases moment by moment, like the awe preceding a catastrophe. As the strife grows more exciting, and more and more vehement rejoinders end with embittering the guilty knight, the tones become clearer and higher every time that fatal reminiscence strikes the ear, till finally Tannhäuser, desperate and beside himself, takes up entire the strophe of the first act, and sings the same praises of the Goddess of Love, without reservation or disguise.

The amazement, terror and confusion of the tragic situation which now follows, are spontaneously checked by the gestures of Elizabeth, who throws herself between him and danger. She espouses and defends in the most touching manner the cause of her faithless knight. She does not hide the tears which swell her breast. Presently her voice dies out in long-drawn tones, as if her physical powers had forsaken her in this painful task; presently her spiritual strength re-animates her, and, with more and more touching and penetrating tones, she calls heaven and earth to witness that obstinacy here were sacrilege; she is inspired to disarm their wild fury and commands them, in the name of the Saviour himself, to refrain from hasty condemnation. At the first answer, which Tannhäuser had made to Wolfram, she had felt her heart beat with passionate sympathy; in confession of this, she had given him a sign, which he however had not noticed, since in all other quarters he had found no favor; she knew that, even if sin had seduced the bride-groom of her soul, it must have been through treachery, for she neither doubted of his inborn high-heartedness, nor of the means of his salvation. When they have sheathed their swords, Tannhäuser's bold bearing yields to helpless exhaustion, and he sinks down at her feet. Elizabeth concludes her prayer of highest love and sorrow with an exhausted, dying voice. Filled with wonder and amazement, all exclaim: "An angel came down from the ethereal light, to announce to us God's holy counsel!" and these words are conveyed by a melo-

dy which, cheerfully and mildly, rises and floats through several measures, during which this angelic being seems to become visible to our eyes. The compassionate, persuasive song of her, who has succeeded in inspiring gentleness in the infuriated souls of the rude knights, is very long, and written in a manner which cannot be better characterized than by saying that it approximates to the church style. In it appears that extraordinary rhythm, which in the following ensemble pieces (when the by-standers, smitten by this sublime interposition, dare not resist so heavenly a manifestation of love), seems to return the beating of those agitated, inspired, awe-stricken hearts. This grand finale repeats also the principal theme of the aria of the princess and ends with a resumption of the melody: "An angel came down," &c. Wagner has seen fit here to carry the melodic development of this chaos to the extremest limits of musical effect. Composed merely of men's voices, borne along by a single soprano, like a silver censer, whence ascend dark clouds of smoky incense, this chorus expresses a deep-felt earnestness and spreads abroad that pious, devout feeling, which one is only wont to find in holy temples. The act closes with Tannhäuser's call to repentance. He joins the pilgrims, who are just then passing by the castle, and repeating the first fragment of their morning song, upon their way to Rome.

[To be Continued.]

Beethoven's Centenary in Dresden.

BY PROFESSOR E. P. EVANS.

[From the Independent.]

Although the public mind is now chiefly occupied with military and political events, the Germans do not forget those heroes of art, whose achievements have done more than all the triumphs of diplomatists and field-marshal to render the name of their fatherland illustrious. A cheering evidence of this fact is furnished by the enthusiasm with which the recent centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birth has been celebrated throughout all Germany, from the Baltic to the Alps.

Here, in Dresden, the so-called "Florence of the Elbe," justly famous for its love of music and the fine arts, four days were devoted to the celebration. The first festival was held on the evening of the 16th, in the new and beautiful hall of the Trades Union, which was adorned for the occasion with a colossal statue of the great composer by Professor Schilling. The programme opened with the magnificent march and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens," followed by a poem written by Adolf Stern, and recited in an admirable manner by Fräulein Langenhau, of the Royal Theatre. Then came Beethoven's overture "Zur Namensfeier," succeeded by a well-written and well-delivered address by Dr. Julius Pabst, and an unusually fine performance of the Ninth Symphony, with concluding chorus, which is in many respects the grandest of Beethoven's creations. After the concert was ended, the banquet began, and continued till after four o'clock in the morning, the substantial repast being enlivened by music and poems and the customary pyrotechnics of post-prandial eloquence. On the evening of the 17th there was a celebration in the Royal Theatre, of which the first part consisted of an allegorical drama entitled "The Awakening of the Arts," and written for the occasion by Julius Rodenberg. In the opening scene the arts of poetry, architecture, sculpture, histrionics, dancing, painting, and music (personified by actresses in appropriate costumes and with characteristic emblems) were seen reposing in sleep on banks of cloud, having fled from the earth in consequence of the tumult and terrors of war. Suddenly the voices of an invisible choir were heard ascending from the earth, and calling on the fair sisters to return and gladden the world with their presence. Gradually the arts awoke, and a discussion ensued as to the propriety of heeding the call and descending to dwell again among men. Painting declares that she loves to dip her pencil in the wonders of creation, the glow of the morning or the colors of the sea, but not in blood; Architecture laments the futility of her toil, since her most beautiful and costly structures are destroyed by the hand of war; Poetry doubts whether a people in the splendor of its victories has any sense left for art; Sculpture despairs as she sees her finest images and most divine forms broken in pieces; Histrionics finds in these earnest days no place for her double mask of tragedy and comedy; Dancing, the expression and embodiment of joy, dares not enter, with tambourine and "light fantastic toe," the arena of international strife, which is trodden only by the iron feet of soldiery; Music alone is not despondent, but answers the complaints of her sisters with cheerful and prophetic words. A people, she says, to whom freedom is dear will also cherish art as a sacred possession.

Not for fame or conquest, but for fatherland, they seized the sword and sang a "song of home" as they marched to victory. Poetry will receive new inspiration from their heroic deeds; for, without Achilles and his army, where would have been Homer and the Iliad? Architecture will teach how to erect a temple of peace with grander columns and stronger arches than heretofore—a new Parthenon, new Propylæa; under the plastic hand of Sculpture new forms of heroism will step forth from blocks of marble; Historionics will show the events of history in their eternal connection, and represent them in transfigured light for the instruction of future generations; Painting will portray them in living colors on the canvas; and even the jocund Dance will feel incited to join and lead the festive throng. Music then calls upon her sisters to descend with her to the earth, where a great nation seems to forget the calamities and bitter stress of war, in its eagerness to do homage to the master who brought to them from Heaven the highest revelations of harmony and symphony. As the sisters vanish behind the clouds, a beautiful rainbow spans the sky—a symbol of the perfect unity in diversity of the seven arts, and at the same time a herald of their peaceful reign. The third scene was on the earth, and represented a public place, with a temple in the background. In the foreground were two altars, which the people were adorning with flowers and strewing with incense, as they sang the well-known chorus from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens"—*"Schmücket die Altäre!"*

But the most remarkable feature of the whole drama was the procession of the artists, who descended the steps of the temple and occupied seats on each side of the stage. First came the representatives of Poetry—Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Dante, and Shakespeare. These were followed by the composers—Mozart, Weber, Haydn, Bach, Gluck and Handel; the actors—Eckhof, Iffland, Devrient, Garrick; the architects—Erwin von Steinbach (with a model of the Strasbourg Cathedral), Schinkel, and Palladio; the painters—Raphael, Dürer, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Rembrandt; the sculptors—Thorwaldsen, Rauch, and Peter Vischer. These illustrious dead were personated in the most perfect manner by actors, dressed in appropriate costume and with a strikingly faithful "presentment" of the faces of the deceased. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Shakespeare, Dante, Bach, Garrick, Raphael, Dürer, Rubens, Michael Angelo, and Rembrandt were easily recognizable as they appeared on the stage. Particularly fine was the aria with chorus, in which the hope was expressed that this festival might be prophetic of the people's future, and a revival of the fatherland bring with it a revival of the arts. In the fifth scene the seven arts reappeared on the earth, and a flash of lightning kindled the two altars, on the front of which were the words Freedom and Beauty in letters of fire. The drama closed with the chorus "*Germania! Germania!*", after which there was a representation of what Dr. Pabst calls "the queen of the operas," Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Those who are acquainted with the singers of Germany will have a sufficient guaranty that it was excellently performed in the fact that Rocco and Florestan were sung by Scaria and Von Witt, and *Fidelio* and Marcelline by Mme. Kainz Prause and Mme. Otto-Alvsleben. On the evening of the 18th Goethe's *Egmont* was given, with the music of Beethoven's *Egmont*; and on the evening of the 19th there was a repetition of Rodenberg's *Allegorical Drama*, followed by a concert of selections from Beethoven—among them the *Aria "Ah! Perfido,"* sung by Fräulein Zimmermann, with the clear and pure tones for which her voice is remarkable.

"Beethoven is Germany," says Victor Hugo. Of all the arts, however, music is the most cosmopolitan; and of all composers, Beethoven is the most difficult to confine within geographical or national boundaries. Since his death, forty-three years ago, he has constantly increased in popularity—not only in Germany, but throughout the civilized world; so that it may be safely asserted that his works are now performed more than those of all the other classical composers put together. In the symphony, which is the most comprehensive form of pure instrumental music, he stands unrivaled and unequalled. Compared with these free and bold creations, the productions of Haydn and Mozart are timid and feeble. In them the great master revealed himself as in no other of his works. His deafness deepened and intensified the peculiar character of these compositions, as is clearly seen in the Ninth Symphony. As the blind prophet discerned the future without his vision being disturbed by any fleeting phenomena of the present, so the deaf musician listened to soul entrancing harmonies from within, unbroken by the fret and stir of common life around him.

Dresden, December, 1870.

The History of Music.

SIXTH LECTURE BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser, Jan. 14.]

In his lecture last Saturday, Mr. Paine began with a description of the notation of the middle ages, and proceeded from that to the tonal methods then employed. In discussing these he remarked that, although they afforded, by their greater number and complexity, more variety in composition, yet the music, compared to that of later times and the present, was stiff and objective rather than sympathetic and subjective. From these topics he passed to the history of musical instruments, selecting the organ as the first, because, when all others were left to amateurs and the *dilettanti*, this was used by the great masters. Describing the first organ, he said it contained but one row of pipes, and had keys a foot long and three or four inches wide, which were struck with the elbows and fists. He gave short sketches of the first organists, Italian and German, and by way of illustration performed on the piano two of the ancient compositions. He described in an interesting way the lesser musical instruments of the middle ages, tracing their changes and modifications into their present forms. The lute he considered as in some sort a progenitor of the piano, having been the instrument of amateurs and households in the olden days. Speaking of the difficulty of keeping lutes in tune, he quoted a remark that if a person kept a lute eighty years he would have occupied sixty of them in tuning his instrument. He added that it was said that to keep a lute in Paris costs as much as to keep a horse. He mentioned several instruments which had become nearly or quite obsolete, one of them being a kind of bassoon with a mouth-piece inserted in a bag, which, being inflated with wind, caused the instrument to produce what Prætorius described as a cackling sound. In the course of his lecture he introduced the fact that Bach first taught the use of the thumbs in fingering, only three fingers having been employed previously, while the thumbs were regarded as ineffectual. Having concluded his lecture, Mr. Paine treated the audience to a performance of Dr. Bull's "King's Hunting Jig."

SEVENTH LECTURE, JAN. 21.

Mr. Paine's subject on Saturday last was the origin and early progress of dramatic music, beginning with the religious dramas of the early church and ending with the establishment in a crude form of opera and oratorio. Having remarked that the epic form preceded the dramatic in music as well as in poetry, and that the Christian church, after setting its face against the theatre, finally gave it not only countenance but encouragement, Mr. Paine proceeded to give the history of the plays and dramas which subsequently developed themselves into opera and oratorio. The miracle plays, or as they were subsequently vaguely called, mysteries, were in vogue quite early, and before the tenth century they were popular and exercised a powerful effect on the people. These plays were originally performed wholly by ecclesiastics. Afterwards laymen were allowed to take part, and at a later period the participation of priests was forbidden.

Strolling musicians became the performers, and the subjects and the manner of treatment became not only secular but vulgar. The plays, even when sacred, had gradually increased in length until they occupied several days in the performance. The movable stage was divided into three parts. Above was the celestial choir; below, on the second stage, was the congregation of saints, and the remainder of the singers occupied the lowest stage. At one side was the mouth of a cavern, from which issued the most frightful howls, supposed to represent the agonies of the damned. The jesters and buffoons were assigned this task of howling, and they issued from the mouth of the cavern to assume the comic parts of the drama. In England these mysteries were performed and the whole drama of the universe was represented from the creation to the day of judgment. The several guilds had different subjects assigned to them,—to the dyers the deluge, to the tanners the creation, to another the fall of Lucifer, and so on. Only one of these mystery plays has remained to the present time,—performed once in ten years at Ober-Ammergau in the Bavarian Tyrol. It was performed last year, but not as usual through the entire season, owing to the interruption caused by the war.

There was another class of plays set to music, of which the "Robbin and Marion" of Adam de la Hale was an example. A specimen from this work was given in the second lecture. In the passion plays there was nothing spoken. The story and the dialogues were intoned, and the words of the people sung by a chorus. It was a common custom to give the words of the several characters in part harmony. Mr. Paine gave a singular description of an enter-

tainment provided on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke Sforza with Isabella of Arragon in the fourteenth century, and of the masks, which were long a popular class of dramatic entertainments, into which music was introduced. In all these performances solo singing was unknown, even up to the sixteenth century. All the speeches of single characters were sung in the form of madrigals by persons behind the scenes. There was a curious play of this period wherein a servant accidentally pulls the spigot out of a wine-cask and lets the liquor out. The master and servants grope on the floor, berating each other in five part harmony until the unlucky spigot is found. It was toward the middle of the sixteenth century that a composer conceived the idea of giving the highest part of a madrigal to be sung by a single voice and the other parts to be performed on instruments. But this was not like the aria system of the present day. The melody had no beauty of its own disjoined from the accompaniment.

The invention of the opera and the oratorio, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, Mr. Paine conceived to mark the second of three great ages in the development of music,—the first being the reformation of church music in the middle ages and the third, the improvement of instrumental music in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. Paine gave a sketch of the origin of the opera in the effort of Florentine musicians, who met at the house of Bardi, to revive the ancient Greek tragedies; and of the oratorio in the church concerts. A specimen of each was given,—a recitative from one of the earlier operas by Peri, composed for the marriage of Henry IV. of France, and another from an opera or oratorio of the "Soul and Body," both interesting as illustrating the progress which solo singers had attained in that age. Although we speak of these specimens of dramatic music as recitative, they differ widely from the recitatives of our day, being about midway between that class of music and the aria. Mr. Rudolphsen sang both selections finely. The early operas were attempts to revive Greek tragedies, but they must have differed widely from those dramas. The effort, however, resulted in the introduction of a new element in musical development, which afterwards grew and improved very rapidly.

EIGHTH LECTURE, JAN. 28.

One of the most interesting thus far. The general subject was the second period of the Opera, and the manner in which, under various influences, it emerged from the crude and imperfect form in which it first appeared, from the hands of Galilei, Caccini and their contemporaries, to a more artistic and pleasing and popular form. The vocal illustrations of several successive composers were given with the admirable assistance of Mrs. Barry, and were sufficiently numerous to indicate the very substantial and rapid progress made in a very short time.

Mr. Paine gave a description of the opera of "Berenice," performed at Padua on a great occasion toward the end of the sixteenth century, introducing choruses of one hundred virgins, one hundred horsemen, and several others of equal numbers accompanied by one hundred musicians on horse-back. Two elephants and two lions were also brought upon the stage, and the whole scene was one with which no spectacular play of modern times can compare. The first performance of an opera as a public exhibition for the people was at Venice, and before the close of the sixteenth century three hundred and fifty-seven operas by forty different composers had been performed, but it was not until later that the name of opera was given to these works. Monteverde, who was a native of Cremona and was born in 1568, was one of the greatest musicians of his time. He was an innovator in the introduction of discords. Indeed, there is hardly a dissonant interval in use in modern music which he did not employ. There was a great deal of contempt exhibited at the time of Monteverde's "music of the future." His most valuable improvements were in the increased efficiency given to the orchestra and in the introduction of the true *arioso* style. The orchestra he caused to give very much more dramatic intensity to the accompaniments. He also was the first to preface the opera with an instrumental overture, which he called a *toccata*. One of these *toccatas*, it was prescribed, was to be played through three times before the rise of the curtain. He was also the first to use the tremolo effect on the stringed instruments, a practice which was very much derided at first, but which has steadily held its place and has come to be regarded as a perfectly legitimate effect. An interesting selection from Monteverde's opera of "Ariadne" was sung by Mrs. Barry. A brief sketch of Cavalli followed, and a Siciliano of his composition was sung, and was received with evident pleasure by the listeners.

Carissimi, who flourished during the middle and toward the close of the seventeenth century, dying in 1690, was the originator of the chamber cantata—a composition resembling the opera in form, but performed without scenery, and the modern oratorio, except that its subject was always secular. He also greatly improved the recitative and air, and exerted on the progress of music a much greater influence than is usually allowed him. He wrote many oratorios and masses. As a

singer he was very eminent and vastly improved the vocalization of his period. Chamber cantatas moulded the popular taste for music and exerted nearly as much influence in determining its form as madrigals had done a century earlier. Solo singing became very much in vogue, and the beautiful as distinguished from the elevated style began to prevail in Italy. Mr. Paine's remarks on Carissimi were followed by a selection from that composer's cantata on the death of Mary, Queen of Scots,—a most beautiful composition, full of melody and containing many suggestions of the modern Italian aria. Mr. Paine called attention to the stiffness and lack of motion in the accompaniment, to which attention was not paid very generally until somewhat later.

Stradella was one of the most prolific composers of this age, and, so far as his works have been preserved, the best. A story is related that he was to have been murdered by hired assassins, and the time chosen was at the performance of one of his oratorios. The assassins were, however, so much impressed by the excellence of the music and the raptures of the listeners that they relented and would not take the life of a man who contributed so much to the pleasure of the world. Stradella's prayer is a very well known composition, but it bears internal evidence of having been composed at a later period.

Germany was a willing learner in musical art from Italy. With one or two exceptions every known form of modern music had its origin in Italy. Germany had the not less honor of enlarging and ennobling each form as it appeared. The most noted of German composers of the 17th century was Schütz, who died in 1672. He was educated in Venice, but in carrying to Germany the Italian forms he did not forget his nationality. His compositions have a distinct German style. He was the first to introduce the opera in Germany. Besides being thoroughly educated in all branches of learning he was much esteemed for his sterling qualities as a man. He wrote music for the Passion as described by the four evangelists, and gave to the modern sacred cantata its style. Mr. Paine described the cantata of the "Conversion of St. Paul" by Schütz, showing that very striking dramatic effects could be produced by the use of music alone. Mr. Paine spoke of Schütz as the direct forerunner of Bach and Handel.

Contemporaneous with Schütz in Germany there arose a great master of music in Italy,—Scazzatti,—who died in 1675. Most of his compositions have been lost, for reasons which the lecturer subsequently explained. But he was a most prolific composer, for besides numerous other productions he is said to have written one hundred operas, five hundred cantatas and two hundred masses. The glory of the Italian opera begins with Scazzatti. He exerted great influence on the dramatic character of the art of singing, added greatly to the refinement and expression of the accompaniment and introduced the overture with marked effect. The reign of melody was fairly inaugurated under him. To illustrate his style, Mrs. Barry sang two selections from one of his cantatas. Mr. Paine called attention to the fact that in the first, a recitative, there was a great likeness to the form afterwards so largely used by Bach, and that the air which followed was much similar to the later compositions of Handel, who was a close student of Scazzatti's works. The two selections were very pleasing and instructive. Mr. Paine closed his lecture with a description of an opera of the early days, where the machinist was of more consequence than either the author of the play or the composer of the music. The opera in question had its scene laid in the infernal regions, and from the description given must have been both fearful and grotesque.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 11, 1871.

Sixth Symphony Concert.

The concert of Thursday, Jan. 26, came in the midst of a violent snow-storm; yet the Music Hall, inside, wore as genial an aspect as ever, with hardly a perceptible thinning out of the large and constant audience that has become identified with these occasions. The orchestra were in full force (12 first violins, 10 second, 8 violas, 7 cellos, 7 basses), and did their best (which is now much of the time very good indeed) in the performance of the following programme:

*Vorspiel to "Lohengrin".....F. Wagner.
Aria: "Erbarme dich" ("O pardon me, my God"), from the St. Matthew Passion Music. (Orchestral accompaniment completed by Robert Franz.....J. S. Bach.

Mrs. C. A. Barry.
The Violin Solo by B. Listemann.
**Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, in G minor, Op. 58.

Moscheles.
(Born 1794; Died, March 10, 1870.)
J. C. D. Parker.

Third Symphony ("Scotch"), in A minor, op. 56. Mendelssohn.

**Songs:
a. "Rose, Maer und Sonne." [From Rückert's "Liebesfrühling."] Op. 37, No. 9.....Schumann.
b. "Verdi Prati," from the Opera "Aletta".....Handel.
c. "In the Spring" Op. 22, No. 3.....Franz.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini.

Haydn, Mozart, BEETHOVEN, Schubert, Mendelssohn—so far had we got in the succession of great Symphonists before and after Beethoven (to whose memory the whole series of ten concerts is dedicated by placing a Symphony of his—in fact a whole Beethoven programme almost—in the first and last concerts also, making him the alpha and omega of the series). This week Schumann came, as next in order of succession, and next time comes Gade. Mendelssohn furnishing the central feature, this whole programme was in a measure fitly toned to him; at least, with the exception of the opening and concluding overtures.

The "Scotch Symphony," his greatest orchestral work, has in it much that is brilliant, jubilant and sunshiny, as well as much that is wild and grand and mystical as on the shore of the great deep. It is extremely picturesque throughout. Nor does it confine itself to impressions of nature; it catches also here and there the humor of Scotch life, as in the little mocking cadence in the second movement; and it goes off with a rollicking sort of "We won't go home till morning" chorus in the brief Finale in the major. And yet to us the dominant impression always after an elaborate work of Mendelssohn is sad, contemplative, akin to gentle, passive reverie. A Symphony by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, or by father Haydn, sets a very different tone. With Mendelssohn, the Aria by Bach and the Concerto by Moscheles helped to complete a picture in a certain delicate, subdued, gentle tone of color. But it is indeed a noble Symphony, full of invention, of beautiful ideas, showing a masterly control of all the orchestral resources, and developing with perfect unity to the end. There are many times when, perfect as we know such a work to be, we are not in the mood to enter into it. But this time it truly spoke to us with power, and brought renewed assurance that Mendelssohn also is great, if in a way of his own which possibly is not the greatest. In the rendering of the whole work Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra seemed all alive and careful and particularly happy.

—But, to take things in their order,—the short prelude to "Lohengrin," which, as we have said before, is just a piece of broad musical perspective, a sort of atmospheric picture without break or visible step taken anywhere, tones growing out of tones as forms and colors in "dissolving views," was rendered with a purity and delicacy, and a finely graduated crescendo, which must have given an impression of beauty as well as of mystery, to those who have found it wild and uncouth before. To understand it fully, one of course must know Wagner's opera; and then he will know why it begins with the aërial, white tones of the violins thrilling at a height where it is so difficult to keep them true and even; and why the other instruments with cool, gradually deeper, larger tones steal in so imperceptibly, and the whole keeps broadening and greating until, with the startling, sublime fortissimo of the whole orchestra, you feel that the mystery at first so distantly desried, far over the water, is now close upon you (the arrival of Lohengrin in the boat drawn by swans); and then, with brief suggestion of the tragic complication his arrival causes, the withdrawal in the same miraculous manner, and the picture finishing as it began with the thrilling pianissimo in *alt*. There certainly is poetry in the conception, and we think Wagner has made it palpable in tones. Such a breath of "future" music, while it ministered to the demand of curiosity, was not in violent contrast to or out of keeping with what followed.

The Aria from the Passion music ("Erbarme dich")

had been sung twice before by Mrs. BARRY in former series of these concerts. Yet no one knows it too well; very few well enough to feel themselves familiar with or half appreciative of its beauty, and its deep, tender, quiet and unspeakably religious feeling. In fact the charm of such melody, inwrought and intertwined with such accompaniment, is inexhaustible. We but begin to know it when we hear it once. Of course it is not popular music; it is not brilliant, startling, sensuous, or catching. But it is profoundly edifying, and its beauty is of the kind that is eternal; the deeper one's experience in life, the more one knows of sorrow and of trial and has felt after some divine and sure support, the more beautiful, the more sweet and comforting and quickening will he find this music. Therefore it becomes a duty, in the making up of serial musical programmes with a view to higher musical culture, to open now and then some glimpses into this too long strange element of the divinest and sincerest music ever written, and so make a beginning, by little and little, with our public of an acquaintance with Sebastian Bach; for so long as he remains a stranger to us, we have not yet penetrated into the holy of holies of the temple of harmony, nor is our life intrinsically musical. Like an old masterpiece of painting, an Aria like this must be brought out from time to time,—the same piece—and seen in a better and better light, with better skill of exhibition (or performance) and better preparation on the hearer's part: and while we listen or muse afterwards, the fire will surely burn within us. True, its appeal is most interior and private, and therefore what is called *effect* with a large audience, followed by loud applause, is not to be expected; it is too good for that. But when a few of these melodies shall thus have become somewhat familiarized to our best audience, when their sweetness shall have sunk into the souls of not a few, then there will come the strong desire to hear, and the ardor and courage to study and perform the Passion Music as a whole, and we shall stand more on the level of the advanced musical culture of to-day, and shall know better how to assign to every kind of music its due and relative degree of consequence. Mrs. BARRY is so far our best interpreter of such serious, sustained, sincere, quiet melody. She has studied it with real interest, and though her tones do not carry all the weight nor thrill with all the brightness of some fingers, yet the rich, sweet, sympathetic quality of her voice, her excellent phrasing, and above all the refinement and expression of her singing, go far to make Bach's music truly felt. Since her brief stay abroad she seems to give out her tones with greater freedom, and by the earnest, close attention of the whole audience it was evident that the piece was more truly appreciated than ever before. What she lacked of opportunity (in a piece so sombre) for more open, livelier response, she had in full measure in the three charming songs by Schumann, Handel, and Franz,—each a model in its kind, and sung delightfully, with fine pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. PARKER.

The Concerto in G minor by Moscheles was given, for the first time in Boston, partly in honor to the memory of the master, who died last March in Leipzig, one of the foremost musical characters of the last half century, the friend of Mendelssohn, the pupil of Beethoven, intimate with all the great musicians, one of the most renowned of teachers and as a man so honored and beloved by all. His piano compositions are very numerous; and there is much among them, of his earlier and middle period, which deserves to live. Among the Concertos of importance, when we go outside of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Chopin, [and our concerts have long since, with the exception of Mozart, exhausted that list], what remains of equal interest with this which is esteemed the best of those by Moscheles? It ranks at least with those by Hummel, and, to our mind, has far more of original poetic quality, where the other has but graceful passage work. The first movement is full of fine and delicate beauty. The leading theme, and still more the melodious second theme, both presented at some length first in the finely instrumented orchestral prelude, are of a most winning character. The further exposition and variation of them by the piano is entirely in the genius of the instrument and grows in interest to the

end. There is a delicate and subtle charm throughout all its modulations and changes of form and phrase. A thoroughly genial first movement, in the handling of the orchestra as well as of the principal instrument. Only too delicate, perhaps, for full appreciation by a great audience at a first hearing. The Adagio, opening with horns and bassoons in rich, solemn chords, seems almost too short, so full of beauty is it; and the manner in which the six-eight rhythm of the Finale grows out of what seems but a passing ornamental figure [in triplets] of the Adagio, is quite felicitous. Mr. PARKER played it *con amore*, entering fully into the spirit of the work, as if he were doing heartfelt honor to his old Leipzig master. Indeed he never played so well; from first to last it was all clear, clean, finely phrased, with a crisp, vital accent, and a true intelligence and taste combined with a remarkably free and finished technique. Both the piece and the performance gave great satisfaction, though of course Beethoven smites with a surer, grander power, and Chopin woots with a more irresistible, seductive invitation, [which the good Moscheles, however, did resist].

At the close of such a concert, the very familiar, brilliant Overture to "Tell" might seem superfluous. But it was perhaps in refreshing contrast to the rather subdued and meditative tone of the whole programme, and it was one of those thoroughly "popular" things so often called for, which happens at the same time to be thoroughly good.

This week [Seventh Concert] Schumann takes his turn as Symphonist, with the E-flat, or "Cologne" Symphony. This forming the second part; the first part consisting of his "Genevieve" Overture; Chopin's F-minor Concerto, played by HUGO LEONHARD; and a new composition by Bennett, called *Fantasia-Ouverture* to Moore's "Paradise and the Peri."

For the Eighth Concert [Thursday, Feb. 23] the programme offers: Part I. Overture to "Medea," *Cherubini*; Symphony in C minor, No. 1, *Gade*. [It has been found impossible to procure the parts for Gade in A minor; but this No. 1 is by far his best, and has not been heard here for several years]. Part II. Schumann's Overture to Byron's "Manfred," and an Entr'acte from the same, never before played here; for conclusion the Orchestral Suite in C, by *Raff* [first time].

Mr. B. J. LANG's second Concert at the Globe Theatre, Feb. 2, had the same select, large audience, and offered the following matter:

Quintet in C, Op. 163, for two Violins, Viola and two Cellos..... Franz Schubert.
Allegro ma non troppo. Adagio espressivo. Scherzo. Finale.
Pianoforte Concerto in C major, Op. 15..... Beethoven.
Allegro con brio. Largo. Allegro.
Ballade in A flat major, op. 49..... Chopin.
Trio in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin and Cello.
Molto Allegro agitato. Andante con moto tranquillo.
Scherzo. Allegro assai appassionato.

The Schubert Quintet with two 'Cellos (Messrs. FRIES and AUG. HEINDL,—the violins and viola by Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and RYAN), has been an important feature in the Mendelssohn Quintette Club programmes, from time to time, these ten years, and it is always welcome for its rich, full polyphony, and large plan in accordance therewith, as well as for the genuine flavor and the *Schwung* (as Germans say) of the Schubert genius. Mr. LANG had ample sphere for all his fine, clear, finished technique, and tasteful phrasing and accent in the earliest of Beethoven's five Concertos, which, though by no means so grand as the fifth or so subtly poetic as the fourth, is full of charm, singularly naive and honest. It had been played but once before in Boston, and then by Mr. Lang at a Symphony Concert three years ago. This time, with only the shadow of an orchestra (string quartet with double-bass) it sounded to us more dry and tame than then; and the very elaborate cadenzas (by Moscheles?) seemed drawn out to tedious length. The *Scherzando* character of the Finale is full of crisp, sunshiny humor. We are thankful for the top rare chance of hearing such a work. The *Ballade* of Chopin, beginning grave and march-like, was finely rendered. But the real awakening life of the concert was in the superb Mendelssohn Trio, which went to a charm.

For next Thursday afternoon Mr. Lang's programme shows: a Quartet (No. 67) by *Haydn*; a Capriccio, for piano, by *Bennett* (E major, op. 22); for another piano solo, *Liszt's* "Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude;" and the great B-flat Trio of Beethoven.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY.—A goodly show of

talent and of progress was made by pupils of Mr. EICHBERG's school at the quarterly concert in the crowded Boston Music Hall last Wednesday afternoon. They were all solo performances. The most remarkable, and indeed exceptionally interesting, were the specimens of violin playing by a picturesque young girl of hardly thirteen (Miss Persis Bell), and a still younger lad (Master A. Van Raalte). The former played the Andante from the Mendelssohn Concerto with purity of tone, true intonation and good style, really surprising. The boy, a bright and playful looking chit, was equally successful with the well known Mayseder variations. And both together gave a clear, euphonious rendering of a by no means easy Duo Concertante by Dancila. It is something, truly, if we have begun to raise such pupils, though the cases doubtless are exceptional. There was good piano playing: of a Chopin Waltz, by Miss C. B. Nickels; a Duo from *Rigoletto* (Wolff) by Misses Starr and Nickells; a Mendelssohn Capriccio, by Miss Smith, and, particularly, the first movement of the Beethoven Sonata in B flat, op. 22, by Miss E. Spicer. The singing, chiefly under Mme. JOHANNSEN's direction, she playing the accompaniment, was highly creditable; that of the Prayer and Barcarolle from Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," by Miss Huntington, was indeed remarkable and full of promise. The two pieces on the Great Organ (a *Vorspiel* by Bach, and part of one of Handel's Concertos) we did not hear.

THE sweetest songs are those
That few men ever hear
And no men ever sing.

The clearest skies are those
That farthest off appear
To birds of strongest wing.

The dearest loves are those
That no man can come near
With his best following.

—Robert Kelley Weeks.

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Evening Bulletin* (Jan 16) speaks of a series of concerts, than which none in this country were ever yet conceived with a more pure artistic motive, or persevered in with a more disinterested, brave devotion. We are glad to hear that the effort persisted in, largely at her own cost, for several years, by the lady who originated them, is at length beginning to meet with its reward. The *Bulletin* says:

Miss Jackson's Parlor Concert at Natatorium Hall, last Saturday night, was one of the most delightful of a very charming series. The programme was filled with selections from classical composers, and it found in the fine artists who conduct these entertainments skilful and sympathetic interpreters. The playing of Mr. Hennig and of Guleman was especially good. The former gentleman never fails to display exquisite taste in his violoncello performances, while Mr. Guleman, with his violin, invariably gives satisfaction. These concerts deserve more generous support than they have received. They are so good that it ought not to be difficult to crowd the hall wherever they are given.

Of Mr. Jarvis's third Soirée the same journal tells us:

The following remarkably interesting programme was presented:

Piano Solo—Suite in G..... Domenico Scarlatti.
Sonata—Piano and Violin, No. 2, op. 78..... Raff.
Messrs. Jarvis and Kopta.
Concerto—Violoncello, B minor, No. 3..... Goltermann.
Rudolph Hennig.
Piano Solos—1. Abandoned..... Schumann.
2. Norelletten, E major, Op. 21.....
Violin Solo—Suite for Violin..... Vieuxtemps.
Wenzel Kopta.

Trio—Piano, Violin and 'Cello, F major, op. 6..... Bargiel.

The studies of Scarlatti and the novelette of Schumann are at the very opposite extremes in piano-forte music, and their introduction at the same concert was a happy thought of Mr. Jarvis, for the contrast was a most interesting and instructive one. There is little danger that the claims or the merits of the latter composer will be overlooked, in our time, at least; but there was reason to fear that this fate might have been Scarlatti's, had not Mr. Hans von Bülow, in his enthusiastic researches, discovered among other valuable works these very interesting studies. Mr. Jarvis, accomplished in all the schools, interpreted them with proper fidelity to the traditions, and at his hands none of their perennial freshness and

beauty was lost. The *Toccata* may be particularized as having been endowed by him with a charm which many very skilful artists would have failed to give it. The *Sonata* by Raff is not entirely new here, it having been given by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Colonne. Its merit, in many respects, is great, and a first hearing of it inclines one to the faith that, "being of the gods," it is destined to endure; but familiarity with it will, we think, have the effect of abating much of our enthusiasm for it. The romantic school has added much that is already valuable to the musician's repertoire, but a great part of the *sonata* is romanticism run wild, and, in spite of the graceful beauty of the slow movement, the work, in its completeness lacks the indescribable element which forever distinguishes genius from mere talent.

Mr. Hennig's performance of the Goltermann Concerto was characterized by absolute perfection of intonation, and a vigorous bowing and brilliancy of execution which surprised us even in this accomplished artist. He has never done better than upon this occasion.

Mr. Kopta's selections were not especially happy. Mr. Vieuxtemps, in these pieces, excites our curiosity, perhaps, but not our interest. The same ground has been gone over so frequently by Bach and Handel, that the present composer would have been surer of success in fresher fields. His other works in the modern style all possess abundance of merit; and if Mr. Kopta had produced any of them with the skill and expression that he gave to these palpable imitations, he would have had reason to be very proud of himself.

There remains to commend Mr. Jarvis's delicate treatment of the exquisitely graceful Raff transcription, and his intelligent interpretation of the novelette of Schumann, a noble and genial composition, requiring brains and marvellous technique to give it adequate justice, and the artistic performance of the Bargiel trio, a really enjoyable work, which never would have been written, perhaps, had Robert Schumann never lived.

Philadelphia is, or has been, just now indulging in the Thomas Orchestra concerts, in Miss Kellogg's concerts, and in the English Opera (offering such works as the "Marriage of Figaro," "Martha," "Fidelio," "Oberon," and "Der Freyschütz.") Neukomm's *David* was sung lately by the Handel and Haydn Society.

PORTLAND, ME.—"The Rossini Club" is an association of young ladies, pupils of the best teachers here, who meet weekly and practise for mutual instruction and pleasure. They gave last month their first public concert, to raise money to buy a pianoforte. The following selections, we are told, were all done really well:

Overture: "Die Waldnymph," arranged for 4 hands.
Song: "Bird of the merry greenwood"..... Bennett.
Abt Vocal Quartet: "La Carità"..... Rossini.
Rondo..... Weber.
Duet: "La Regata"..... Veneziani.
Trio: "Vieni a' mar"..... Gordiniani.
Solo: "Se Crudele"..... Donizetti.
Scotch Symphony (two movements), 4 h'ds. Mendelssohn.
Aria: "Gli angeli d' inferno," from "Magic Flute"..... Mozart.
Chorus: "The Lord is my Shepherd"..... Schubert.

NEW YORK.—The *Sun's* critic says of the third Philharmonic Concert:

It was much better in the selection of the pieces played than in the manner in which they were given. In the Overture, Scherzo and Finale, by Schumann, there was some unusually crude and slovenly playing. There were times when belated instruments were heard coming in after the others at a pause, and there was also a general lack of finish in much that was done.

This was the more noticeable by contrast with the recent concerts given by Theodore Thomas's orchestra, which were in every respect superior to those of the Philharmonic Society. There are disadvantages as well as advantages in a large orchestra. The Mozart symphony, for instance, which was played on Saturday evening, was written for an orchestra half the size of this one. Its delicacy and grace were rather overpowered by the number of the instruments. Mr. Bergmann appeared in the triple character of conductor, composer and performer. A romanza for bass clarinet, with accompaniment for two clarinets and two bassoons, composed by him, was given. It was a most melodious and admirably constructed composition, and served to display the qualities of an instrument so rich, warm, and powerful in tone, so extended in scale, and so beautifully voiced, that it is an exceeding pity that it should not have found its place among orchestral instruments. It was admirably played by Mr. Boehm; and when we consider that to play an ordinary clarinet well is the work of a lifetime, he deserves double credit for the skill with which he managed this exceptional instrument. The effect of these five bass reeds played together was very peculiar.

The color of the tone was sombre, deep, warm, and rich. There was always a soft languor in the sound of combined reeds moving

"To the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders;"

and this composition was full of that subtle and soothing beauty.

Much alike in spirit was the serenade for four violoncellos by Lachner, in which Bergmann played second cello, Bergner playing the first. Mr. Bergmann has a strong and manly way of playing this instrument, somewhat in contrast with that of Mr. Bergner, who, though indisputably a consummate musician, resorts too constantly to the tremolo. It is a trick that catches the popular ear; but when too often used, it demoralizes and weakens the general style. It is like that fatal vibrating quality of the voice that many of our singers think so fine and pathetic, and cultivate in that unhappy delusion.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 30.—There has been plenty of music in New York during the month of January. On the 14th inst. Miss Marie Krebs commenced a series of superb piano-forte recitals at Steinway's small hall. This is the programme to the first:

Sonata, E flat, op. 29.....	Beethoven.
Ave Maria.....	Miss Krebs.
.....	A. Rosch.
Cat Fugue.....	Mme. Krebs-Michaeli.
Impromptu, A flat.....	Schubert.
Nocturne, No. 4, D.....	Schumann.
Waldesgespräch.....	Miss Krebs.
.....	Schumann.
Moonlight Sonata, C minor.....	Beethoven.
Der Neugieriger.....	Miss Krebs.
.....	F. Schubert.
Valencia's Rose.....	C. Krebs.
Waltz, F major.....	Mme. Krebs-Michaeli.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 4.....	Rubinstein.
.....	Liszt.
.....	Miss Krebs.

The audience was the most critical that has been seen in Steinway Hall for many months, for almost every pianist known in New York was present. The programmes were excellently rendered. At the 3rd, on January 28, she was assisted by Mr. Wenzel Kopta (violin) and Mr. Wm. Candidus (tenor). The fourth and last takes place this week.

Miss Kellogg made her first appearance in this city, in oratorio, on Thursday, the 19th inst., with great success, though it would have been much better if she had selected some other building than the Academy of Music, which is the last place in New York to hold an oratorio performance in. The chorus sang well, but the orchestra was a disgrace to New York.

Theo. Thomas visited us last week, after a long absence, and gave two fine concerts. At the first (Jan. 27th) Miss Mehlig played Liszt's Concerto in E flat, the orchestra playing a mixed programme. The second (Jan. 28) was a grand symphony concert, with this programme:

Symphony, No. 6, "Pastorale".....	Beethoven.
Concerto in E minor.....	Chopin.
Overture, "Faust".....	Wagner.
Septet, op. 20.....	Beethoven.
Hexameron (duet).....	Miss Mehlig and Mr. Mills.
Poème Symphonique: "Les Preludes".....	Liszt.

The orchestra played superbly, and so did Miss Mehlig. The audience was a large, orderly and attentive one. These are the only concerts which can be given by Theo. Thomas here this winter. He will of course return in the spring to Central Park Garden.

The third Philharmonic Concert of the season takes place next Saturday. The orchestral pieces are as follows:

Symphony, D, "French".....	Mozart.
Overture, "Sakuntala".....	Goldmark.
Overture, Scherzo et finale, op. 52.....	Schumann.

The soloists are Mr. F. Bergner (violin) and Mr. E. Boehm (bass-clarinet.)

The Church Music Association have in preparation for their second concert (Feb. 21) a new overture by Lindpainter "Jubel," Beethoven's Mass in C (played last year, and repeated by general request), and the "Spring" from Haydn's Seasons. They

have also the entire music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, for the last concert.

J. M. W.

MACON, (GEORGIA), JAN. 30.—The Maconites enjoyed last week an entertainment by the "Adelaide Philipps Concert Company," which was refreshing to music lovers after a season of musical dearth.

Miss Philipps came unheralded and unadvertised; and as she enjoys a reputation more local than continental, very few had heard of the fair cantatrice. But we presume to say none could have felt any disappointment in her wonderful contralto voice. The compass of her voice, as well as her executive skill, as exhibited in her rendering of that most hackneyed concert aria: "Una voce poco fa," was astonishing. It seemed to us a perfect piece of vocalization. She very graciously responded to all the encores, as did the other artists, and we were thereby compensated for a too short programme. A little ballad which she gave as an encore, called, we believe, "The Angel of the Rosebush," sung in a hushed, suppressed *sotto voce* (most effectively after a Laughing Song) still haunts us like a tune, sad spirit. But let me ask if public singers will never weary of "Comin' thro' the Rye," and if claqueurs will never cease applauding it! The coquetry of that bonnie Scotch lass is now acknowledged, and she certainly must be *passée*.

Mons. Levy excited a *furor* with his matchless performance on the Cornet. What a charming instrument it is in the hands of an accomplished player! His skillful producing and sustaining the voluptuous tones of the familiar melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," deliciously excited our musical sensibilities, and enfolded us in a reverie, from which we sighed to be aroused.

Mr. Ed. Hoffman, we suppose, would be startled to hear himself called a great artist or an *homme de génie*. He is neither, but we enjoyed his music notwithstanding. He played several original compositions with a pleasing grace and limpidity, on a light and sweet-toned Knabe Piano, just suited to his style. The "Last Hope," by Gottschalk, however, was rendered by him with less sentiment than we have heard from many amateurs. Mons. Hasler, if he had not been so extravagantly announced, would have astounded us more; but we can say he had a pleasing voice, of no particular strength, compass or cultivation.

We left the hall grateful. Grateful that these refined musicians had not passed us by, and that we had been mildly, not wildly entertained for one evening with music not severely artistic, but adapted to a people as yet untutored in musical classics.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 16. Mr. Editor:—In your Journal of Music of this week you publish a letter dated at Washington, D. C., in which appears the claim of the Choral Society of Washington to be the first American Society formed in the country for the production of male voice music. The "Abt" Society of Philadelphia was organized in 1867 in this city, and at present consists of about thirty of the picked (male) singers of Philadelphia. No one has yet been admitted who is below the standard originally set up, consequently there is no "dead wood." They have twice performed Mendelssohn's Cantata "Sons of Art," which was given up by the German Societies in despair. In using the "Chickering Collection" they took "at sight" any number of the collection yet published, which you will see is a fair test of ability. The Conductor is Mr. Michael H. Cross of the Cathedral, a finished conductor and composer. The Vocal Union, a society of about the same number of members, not rating as high as the "Abt," has nevertheless a strong and well-balanced collection of voices. Conductor, E. J. Wolsieffer. They are the juniors of the "Abt" by about a year, so that two of our societies are older than the "Choral," and will be happy to contest the palm with them at any time.

H. R. B.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Proposal. 4. Bb to f. M. S. Downs. 40

Words by Bayard Taylor. Charming sweet poem, melody and accompaniment. Sung by Nilsson.

"The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love thee!"

Separation. 4. Eb to e. M. S. Downs. 40

With its varied harmony and deep pathos, reminds one of the best German songs.

Those scenes which were so dear to me; or, The Georgian maid's farewell. 3. F to g.

Henry Schoeller. 30

Very graceful melody. The words are well written, and contain a farewell to the hills of Georgia.

Two Little Shoes. Ballad. 3. Ab to d.

Dr. Crabtree. 30

Very sweet and pathetic.

"Two little shoes laid away in the drawer,
Treasured so fondly,—never to be worn.
Two little feet laid away in the tomb
Cold and all lifeless,—sadly we mourn."

Instrumental.

Our Society Galop. 3. Db. H. B. Hart. 30

Mellow and sweet rather than brilliant. Not only "our" society, but societies in general will be pleased to hear it.

Poetry of Motion. Danse Caprice. 5. C.

S. B. Whitney. 60

Mr. Whitney has been very fortunate in the composition of this beautiful piece, which cannot fail to make a sensation, when played with any degree of taste and execution. The melody of the dance is remarkably pretty, and the intermediate passages give all needed power and sprightliness.

Juvenile Reception Waltz. 3. F.

Charles J. Grass. 35

Good for a juvenile student. Has a pretty air, a tremolo, and some good runs for the left hand.

You know how it is yourself. Polka. 3. F.

Joseph Poznanski. 40

A characteristic and sprightly polka, with the melody of a favorite song.

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